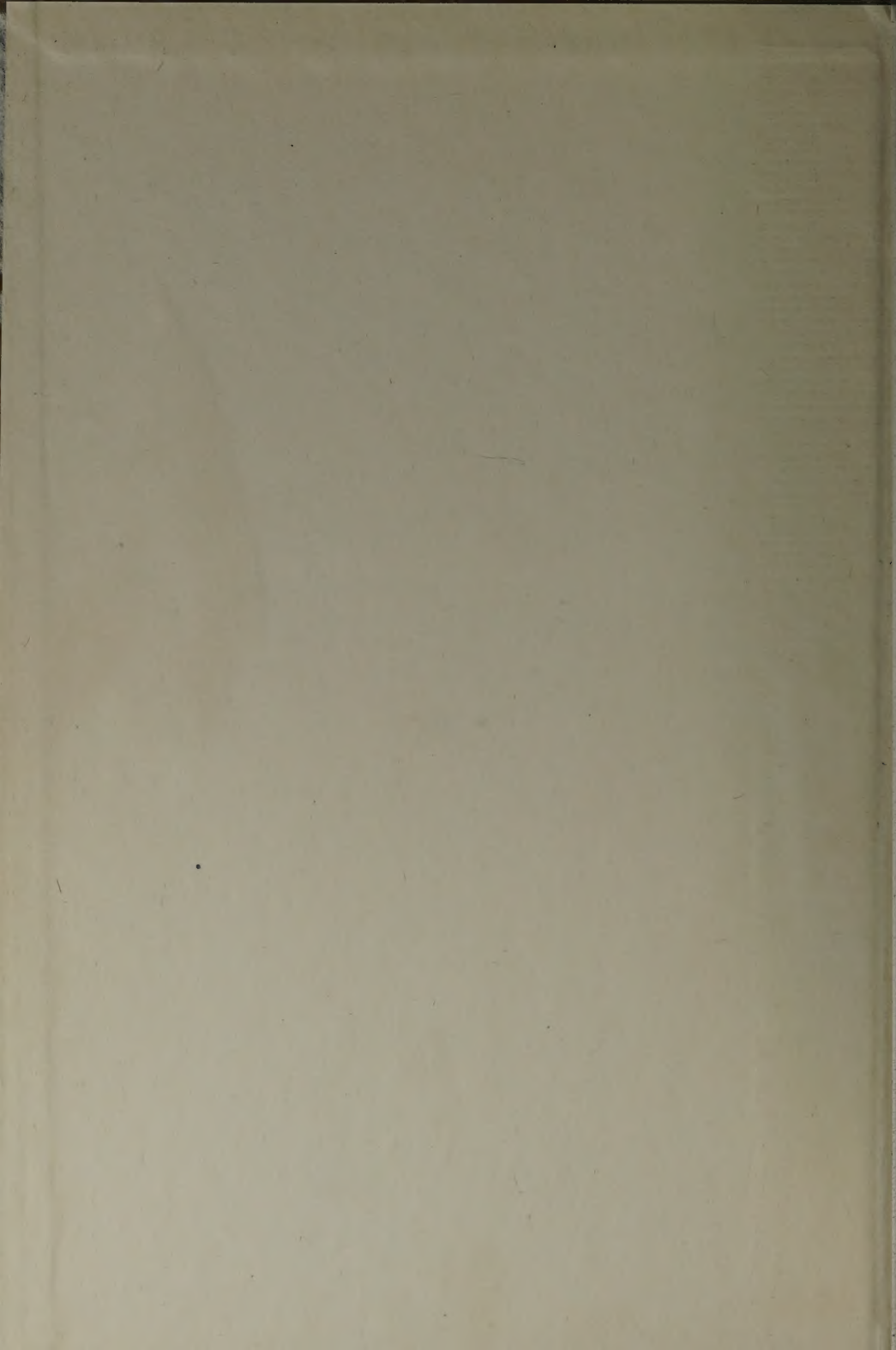


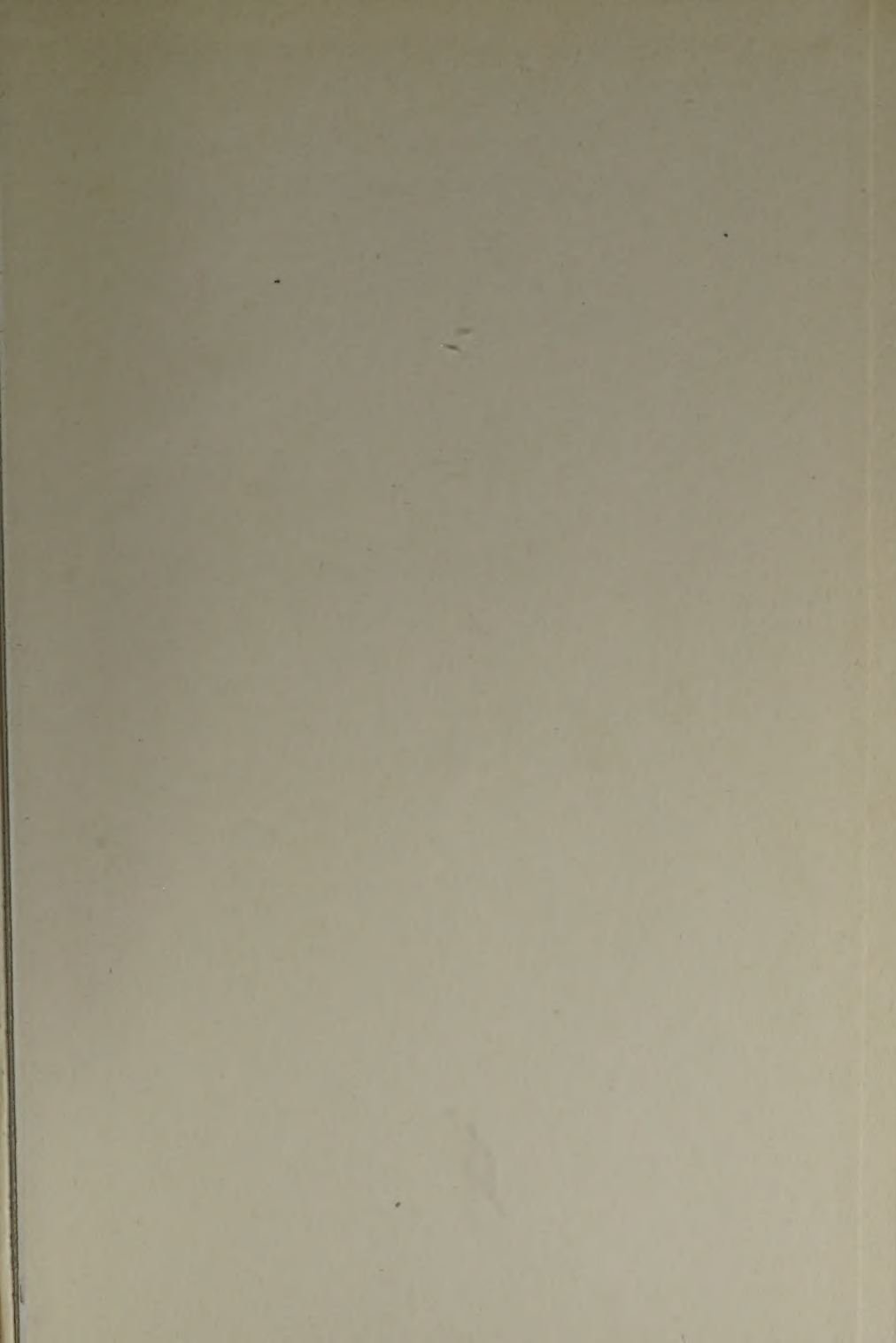
LINCOLN'S LEGACY

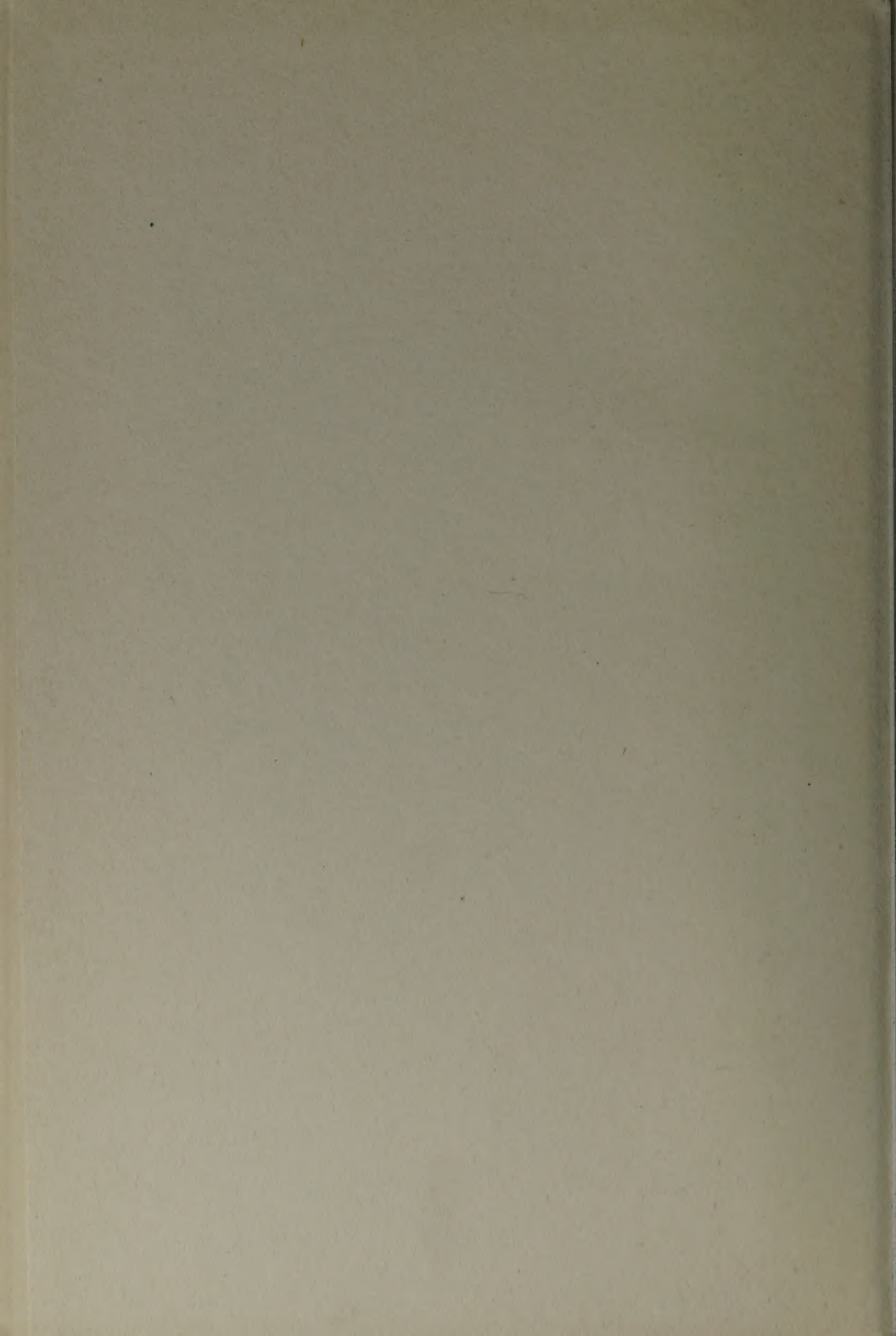




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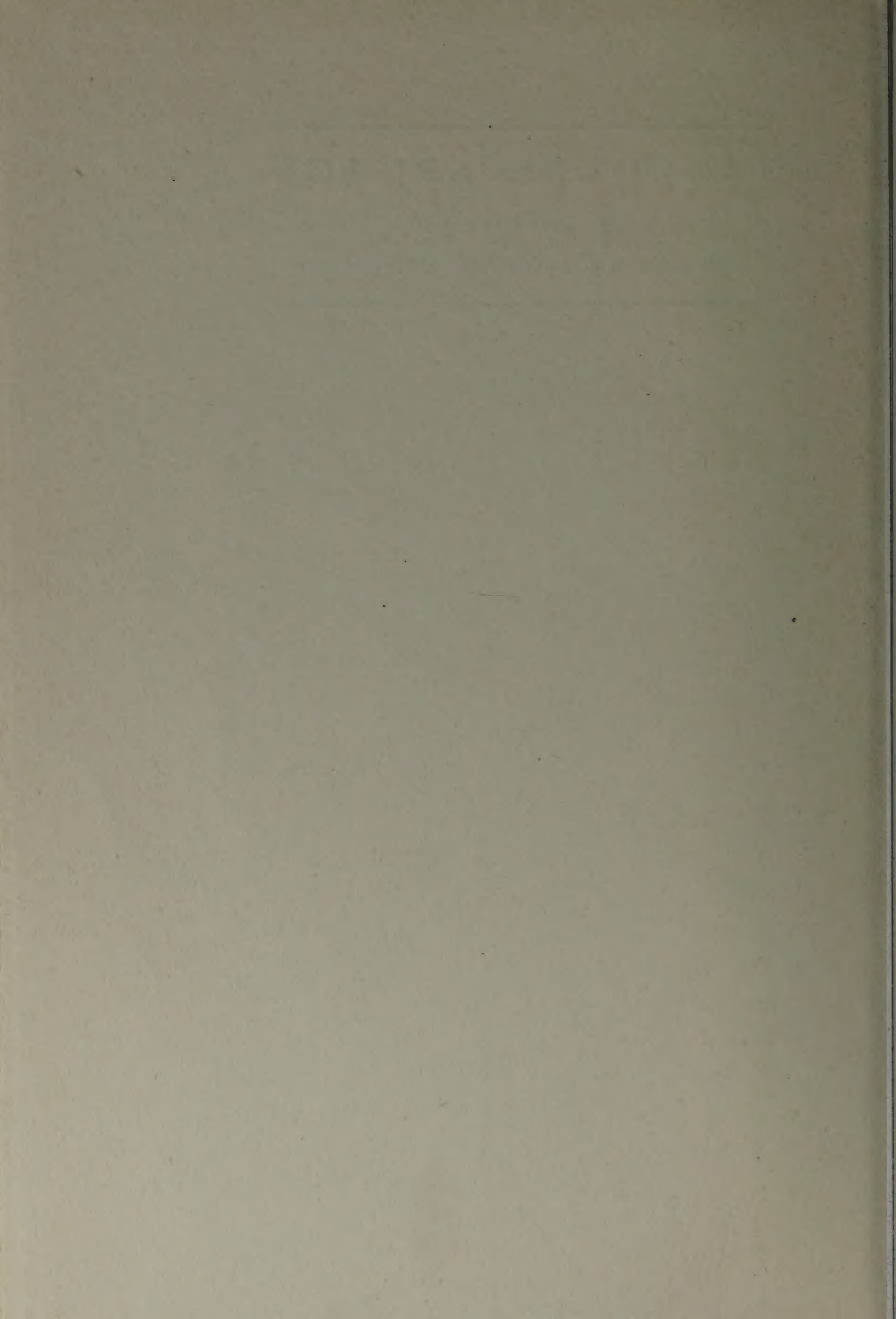
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# LINCOLN'S LEGACY

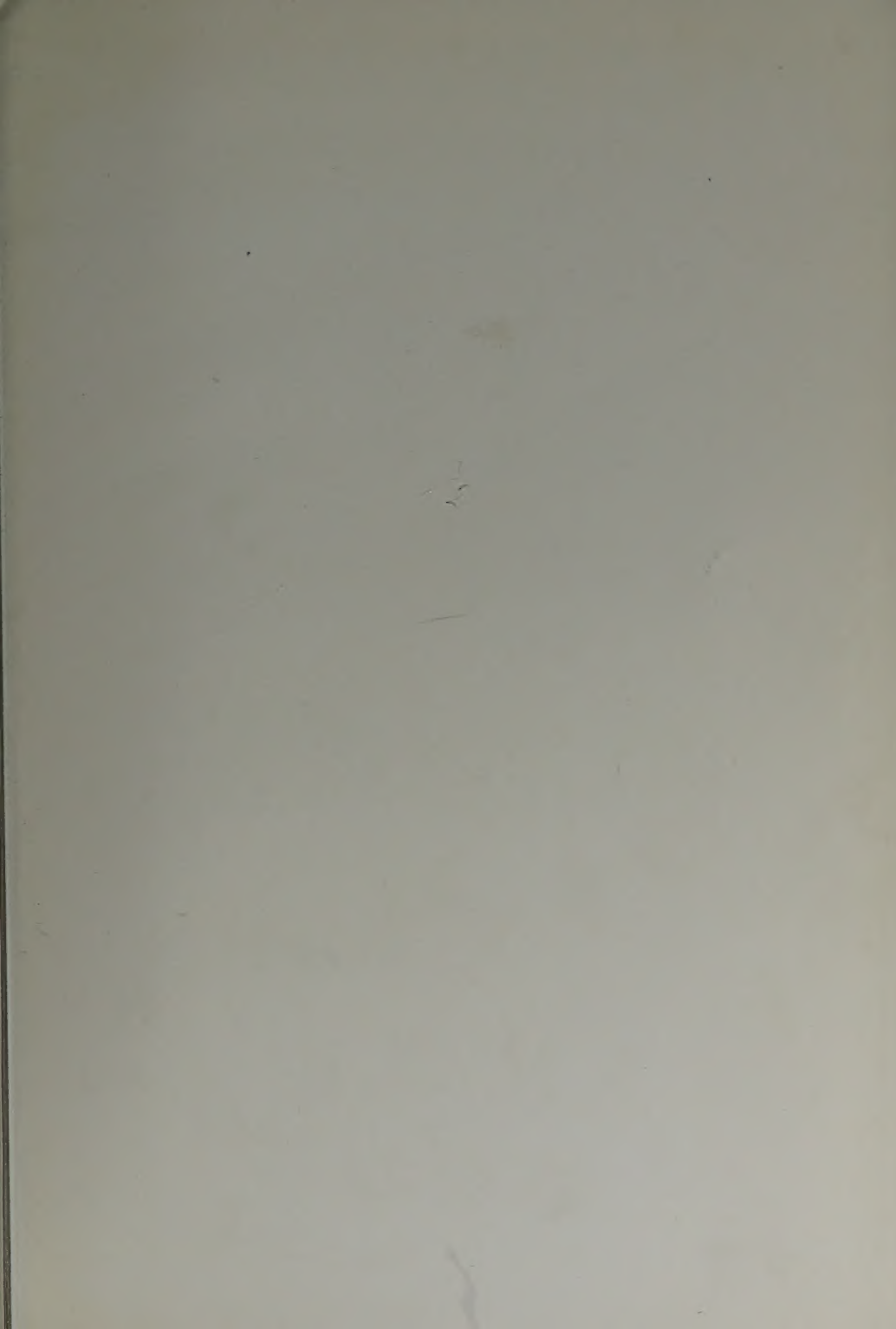
*A Tribute to  
The World's Great Commoner*

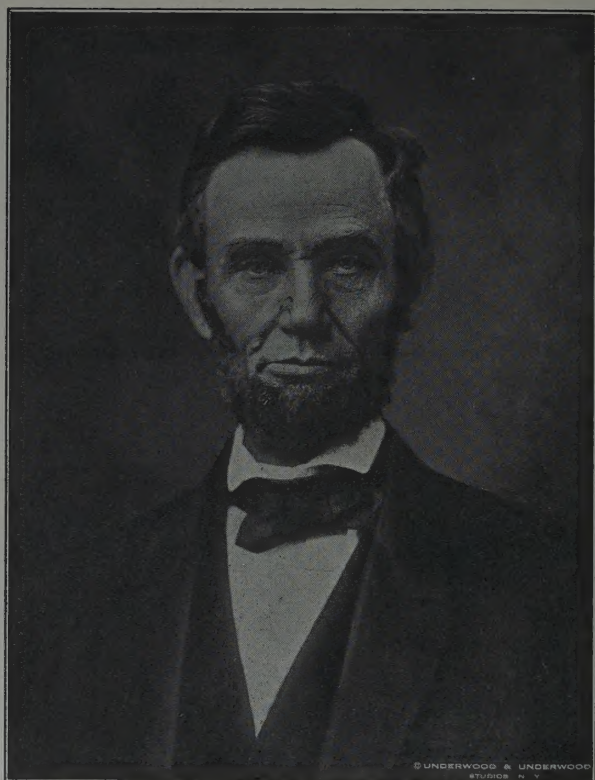
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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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# LINCOLN'S LEGACY

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*A Tribute to  
The World's Great Commoner*

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SAMUEL J. ARTHUR

ILLUSTRATED



BOSTON

RICHARD G. BADGER  
THE GORHAM PRESS

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DEDICATED  
BY THE AUTHOR  
TO  
THE FOUNDERS, PROMOTERS,  
AND PRESERVERS  
OF THE FUNDAMENTAL  
PRINCIPLES AND IDEALS  
OF THE  
AMERICAN UNION





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## P R E F A C E

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This little book was born of a profound esteem and an affectionate regard for the memory of the beloved Lincoln. He has always seemed to the writer of this tribute to be a man in whom the purposes of God were peculiarly apparent. While saying little of being governed by the standards of religion or conforming to the convictions of the Christian faith, Lincoln's whole life seems like a resplendent chapter from the archives of the Eternal.

In the hope that it may contribute in some degree to the honor of this greatest American and that it may help to preserve the Americanism which he so nobly exemplified, the author presents this "*American Gift Book*" to the American people.

S. J. A.

Erie, Pennsylvania.  
September, 1923.



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THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

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## THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

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Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for

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*The Gettysburg Address*

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us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.



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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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Child of the boundless prairie,  
Son of the virgin soil,  
Heir to the bearing of burdens,  
Brother to them that toil;  
God and nature together  
Shaped him to lead in the van,  
In the stress of her wildest weather  
When the nation needed a man.

Eyes of a smoldering fire,  
Heart of a lion at bay,  
Patience to plan for tomorrow,  
Valor to serve for today;  
Mournful and mirthful and tender,  
Quick as a flash with a jest,  
Hiding with gibe and with laughter  
The ache that was dull in his breast!

Met were the man and the hour—  
Man who was strong for the shock!  
Fierce were the lightnings unleashed;  
In the midst he stood fast as a rock.

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*Abraham Lincoln*

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Comrade he was, and commander,  
He who was meant for the time;  
Iron in council and action,  
Simple, aloof and sublime.

Swift slip the years from their tether,  
Centuries pass like a breath;  
Only some lives are immortal,  
Challenging darkness and death.  
Hewn from the stuff of the martyrs,  
Write in the star-dust his name,  
Glowing, untarnished, transcendent,  
High on the records of fame!

*Margaret E. Sangster*

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L I N C O L N

1809 — 1865

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# L I N C O L N

1809 — 1865

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Abraham Lincoln was born of Quaker ancestry in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12th, 1809. His father, Thomas Lincoln, was a man of no education and indifferent prestige. His mother, Nancy Hanks, was a young woman of Christian character, some education and possessed of not a little instinctive refinement. She died soon after the family moved to Spencer County, Indiana, and when Abraham was only nine years of age. Thomas Lincoln subsequently married Sarah Rush Johnson who proved a wise, practical and much loved foster mother to this growing youth. His school privileges were limited but the young Lincoln was a reader, a student and a hard worker. His candid mind, his humorous spirit, and his physical prowess made him a popular hero. He enlisted in the Black Hawk war. He made a business trip on a flat boat down the Mississippi to New Orleans where he witnessed some of the iniquity of slavery. He kept a little country store and post office at New Salem. He studied law. He was married to Miss Mary Todd

in 1842. He was elected to Congress in 1846. He held a famous debate with Stephen A. Douglas on state rights and the issues of slavery. He was nominated for the presidency at the Republican convention in Chicago in May, 1860, and elected in November of same year. Soon the sentiments that had long been seething and threatening secession broke out in overt acts of disloyalty. Fort Sumpter fell. Soon civil war became a frightful reality and continued so for four years. Equal bravery and resourcefulness were displayed by North and South. There were many notable engagements, the most notable perhaps being that of Gettysburg, Pa., in July, 1863. Lincoln was again nominated and elected in 1864. In April, 1865, came the surrender of General Robert E. Lee at Appomatox, Va. The President, the Cabinet, and the country were profoundly moved. Plans were immediately getting under way for the relief and rehabilitation of the stricken states, North and South, when the President fell, April 14th, shot by an assassin, John Wilkes Booth, a fanatical adherent of secession. Lincoln died next morning in a private house opposite the Ford



BIRTHPLACE AND EARLY HOME  
From a Sketch by J. Wanda Arthur



Theatre, to which he had been carried the previous night. On May 4th his remains were deposited in Oakland Cemetery, Springfield, Ill., attended by all the expressions of love and esteem that the Republic could bestow. Mr. Lincoln was a devout Christian believer, cherishing the tenets and the sentiments of the evangelical faith. In his boyhood and youth he attended with his father and mother and sister Sarah, the services of the Pigeon Creek Baptist Church in Indiana where they held membership and where the senior Lincoln was honored in appointment to the moderatorship of the little Christian assembly, and though Lincoln never united with any church it is a well-known fact that while in Washington he was a devoted attendant of the Presbyterian Church and always showed the profoundest respect for the Bible and the teachings and principles of the Christian faith.





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LINCOLN'S LEGACY

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## LINCOLN'S LEGACY

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Full fifty years and more ago  
A tall ungainly man  
Came out the thinly peopled West;  
Rugged and plain was he  
With soul unspoiled,  
A strong, a stalwart man;  
No heritage of wealth or fame  
Did blaze his way  
Nor rank nor culture lend a hand  
But round that lowly home  
The fear of God like angel sentinel  
Did watch both night and day  
Nor left that cabin door,  
Where God a man would make  
For Freedom's day.  
As son of toil he walked its way  
Nor thought it strange its yoke to wear,  
And thus the youth to manhood came.  
His vision grew and early saw  
That boasted freedom  
Yet had much to learn  
And leagues to go on Freedom's soil;  
And soon beside upstanding men

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*Lincoln's Legacy*

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He found his place  
And then the fight for state  
And human rights began.  
Soon West and East beneath his banner stood  
In common cause,  
'Twas crisis hour: "Let Lincoln lead  
There's none but he  
The ship of state can guide on such a sea."  
And lingering still in shadow land  
Are some—with visage dim—  
Who saw this deathless man  
E'en pressed his hand and found it warm  
His brother's grief to share.  
They fervid tell just how he looked and talked  
And walked—or rather strode,  
They tell with pride of Lincoln deeds  
And while they muse and dream  
And live again those nameless days  
We ask if they can solace give  
For ills that vex to-day  
They start. They wake. They cannot brook  
delay,  
"Let Lincoln lead; let Lincoln lead to-day!"

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*Lincoln's Legacy*

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So if they wake or dream 'tis one  
They can't forget the kindly face  
And towering form—  
They hear again with eager zest  
The homely wit  
With grace and wisdom weighed  
That sagest counsel gave  
When counsels failed  
And saved the day.  
No college halls  
Can boast this peerless son  
—He rose from out the ground  
—Alumnus of the soil—  
In youth few days at school  
And fewer still his books  
But these he mastered well;  
The tutorship of daily toil  
Did help him on  
He shared the toilers' tasks  
Their needs he made his own  
And with sublimest faith  
He pled their cause.  
Their yoke he daily wore

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*Lincoln's Legacy*

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And with their load he staggered on;  
The black man's burden bore him down  
But as of old the lighted way  
Revealed a shadowed cross  
Far up the high ascent  
And though with visage marred  
And bruised his soul with grief  
Yet Lincoln faltered not  
He walked right on  
Like one divinely led  
And looked not back  
But onward pressed  
And conquering reached the goal.  
Kentucky little knew  
How high that Lincoln name would climb  
In days to come, nor guessed  
That from that cabin door  
God's chosen man would rise  
To lead a nation through  
Its darkest night.  
But now Kentucky knows  
The place she holds and dares be proud.  
Her lowly son takes lofty place

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*Lincoln's Legacy*

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In hall of fame  
And high and low in one accord  
Admit this man of men  
To primal place, yea place alone  
'Mid heights that  
Sons of men have gained.  
As long as diadems are placed  
On noble brows  
So long will Lincoln's head  
Bear fairest tribute of a nation's love.  
The black man bares his head  
And mumbles something soft and low  
At merest mention of the treasured name;  
He acts like one in worship  
Bowing low before some holy shrine  
Where earth's devoted souls  
Pay silent tribute to their sainted dead.  
'Tis passing strange  
This name compels all ranks of men  
To halt as though the flame  
From out the burning bush  
Did burn again.  
What meaneth this?

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*Lincoln's Legacy*

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Is not this Lincoln common clay?  
Where then the secret of this superman?  
The mystery in part dissolves:  
'Tis this, that "Honest Abe"  
Let God take hold his hand  
And lead him on and on  
Until a nation's woes became his own:  
And thus it was this awkward youth  
That learned to "figure to the rule of three"  
Did grow till highest gift  
His nation could bestow  
Was laid at Lincoln's feet.  
He served both God and man.  
And served them well;  
The passing years proclaim  
The verdict true  
The light that lit the stars  
Was Lincoln's guide.  
No tome but one  
Could satisfy his soul:  
Both day and night  
He pondered well its page  
And in sublimest faith

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*Lincoln's Legacy*

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He walked its way;  
Yet hour of darkness came.  
Fort Sumpter's guns announced the gloom—  
The South from North  
Would severed be and go its way;  
'Tis fateful hour;  
Shall half be slave and half be free?  
The house divided courts a fall  
But Lincoln prayed.  
He knew that God alone  
Could save the day:  
To Him he turned  
With childhood's faith and plea  
He pled nor pled in vain  
The crisis onward came,  
The clouds were thickening fast,  
He saw the storm. It soon must break,  
Yet Lincoln calmer grew,  
He faced his task  
Like one who saw beyond the storm  
To days of calm. They came,  
Their sun arose but he went down  
—Went down in blood—his own

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*Lincoln's Legacy*

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That spoke for Freedom's cause  
A work well done—  
The Union saved! Thank God!  
This heritage remains:  
'Tis *Lincoln's legacy*  
His last and best resolve  
His soul's bequest.  
And though the Southern sceptre is no more,  
Nor more its claims,  
The South as well as North  
Doth share in freedom's dower—  
One flag, the "Stars and Stripes"—  
Shall now defended and defender be,  
For this he lived. For this he died.  
This crown he wears today,  
'Twas God that put it there  
And there it stays.  
For none can it remove  
And what a crown!  
Three million slaves made free  
To take their part in noblest nationhood.  
And now 'tis theirs to call  
Their souls and toil their own.

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*Lincoln's Legacy*

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Of this they sing. Their sunny South  
Resounds with freedom's name.  
'Tis matchless melody,  
The weirdly chanted strains  
Regale the ears of silent night.  
From nearest hut and farthest cabin door  
That chorus swells. 'Tis song of jubilee,  
A race is free! The lonely  
And far-seeing man his "Via Dolorosa" walked  
And when that way he passed  
And Freedom's birth anew proclaimed,  
Oh God in heaven! What darkness fell  
When foul assassin laid him low!  
'Twas then the pall of night—Egyptian gloom  
—O'er spread the land and men did feel their way  
And mutely stretched appealing hands  
To throne above;  
And God did heed  
For North and South in common grief  
Their strife forgot  
And bending low their silent homage paid  
To chieftain gone.  
And soon a stricken world

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*Lincoln's Legacy*

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Did ask a place—a mourner's place  
Beside a martyr's bier.  
And though he prostrate lies  
In wakeless sleep  
His words and spirit too are here  
Are here in mystic might  
In Freedom's name to carry on:  
Their impact shakes the earth,  
Their time has come  
And near and distant lands  
Alike confess  
That this triumphant soul  
Held high the torch  
That lit the way  
For states and statesmen too  
To plant a Freeman's flag  
On every height  
That feet of men have gained.  
And now though "Massa" Lincoln sleeps  
And takes his rest  
His work goes on.  
The fadeless name exerts its mystic spell  
The world around;

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*Lincoln's Legacy*

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Like lunar planet moving ocean tide  
It moves the mass;  
As wand in hand unseen  
It wearies not;  
That wondrous loom of life  
That Lincoln wove is weaving still  
'Tis fair design.  
The Lincoln brand has come to stay,  
Full soon 'twill find its place  
'Neath every flag  
Nor will it fade nor fail  
But stand the test  
That time and truth in every land  
Impose on proudest claims of men.  
For honest men must rule the day  
Though long delayed,  
And foremost name  
When virtue's roster's called—  
'Tis plain, 'tis written large  
That all may see and know  
'Tis "Abram Lincoln" yes, 'tis "Honest Abe,"  
The friend of common man  
Of common men the King.

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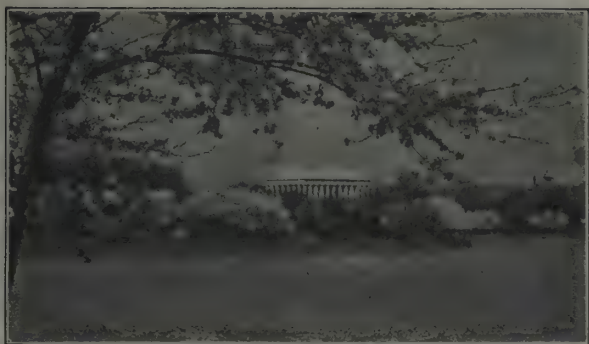
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*Lincoln's Legacy*

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The ages claim him now  
The earth's bereft,  
It was to be.  
The crude and cultured courts of men  
The world around  
Are rich in legends of a people's man  
—A King—who'd rule without a crown.  
He came;  
Like One of old  
Though hating not was loved and hated too  
And when his work was done  
He sped to worlds unknown  
And so our crownless King  
Has come and gone  
And yet remains.  
The North and South alike  
Proclaim this kingly man.  
They feel that wondrous spell  
That spell that went from man to man  
When'er he rose to speak  
In Freedom's name  
Or plead the cherished cause.  
The world its homage pays

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THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL



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*Lincoln's Legacy*

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And says a martyr's head  
Should wear a martyr's crown.  
And thus the martyred Lincoln  
Holds immortal place  
With none to say him nay,  
The foremost soul 'mid ranks  
Of tutored and untutored men.





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LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY

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## LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY

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This letter, written by Mr. Lincoln to Mrs. Bixby of Boston, explains itself :

A copy of the letter has been placed, says the Philadelphia Ledger, in one of the Oxford University Halls as a specimen of pure English and elegant diction.

"Dear Madam:—I have been shown in the files of the war department a statement of the adjutant general of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously in the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot restrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

"Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

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